

V E R S E S,

Addressed to SALLY, at a Chop-house, in
L O N D O N ;

And left by the Author on the Table.



DEAR SALLY, emblem of thy CHOP-HOUSE ware!
As *broth* reviving, and as *white bread* fair ;
As *small beer* grateful, and as *pepper* strong ;
As *beef-steaks* tender, as *fresh pot herbs* young ;
Sharp as a *knife*, and piercing as a *fork* ;
Soft as new *butter*, white as fairest *pork* ;
Sweet as young *mutton*, brisk as *bottled beer* ;
Smooth as is *oil*, juicy as *cucumber* ;
And bright as *cruet* void of *vinegar*. }

Oh! SALLY, could I *turn* and *shift* my love,
With the same skill that you your *steaks* can move,
My heart, thus *cook'd*, might prove a *chop-house* feast,
And you alone should be the welcome guest.

But, dearest SAL! the *flames* that you impart,
Like *chop* on *gridiron*, broil my tender heart ;
Which, if thy kindly helping hand ben't nigh,
Must, like an unturn'd CHOP, *hiss*, *burn*, and *fry* ;
And must at last, thou *scorcher* of my soul,
Shrink, and become an undistinguish'd coal!



48.
16. 14.
45.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.